THE UNIVERSALIST *Leader*

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A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY FOUNDED BY HOSEA BALLOU IN 1819

Volume CXXXVII December, 1955 Boston, Mass.

THE UNIVERSALIST Leader

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY FOUNDED BY HOSEA BALLOU IN 1819

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST LEADER (1897 to 1926), and THE CHRISTIAN LEADER (1926 to 1953).

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The bond of fellowship in this church shall be a common purpose to do the will of God as Jesus revealed it and to co-operate in establishing the Kingdom for which he lived and died.

To that end we avow our faith in
God as Eternal and All-conquering Love,
The spiritual leadership of Jesus,
The supreme worth of every human personality,
The authority of truth known or to be known,
And in the power of men of good will and sacrificial spirit to overcome all evil and progressively establish the Kingdom of God.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

December, 1955 — No. 12

The **cover** shows Atwood Memorial Hall, the new home of the Theological School of St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, dedicated Monday, October 17, 1955.

Robert L. Cope, co-minister of the Greater Buffalo Universalist-Unitarian Church, Buffalo, New York, is stern and stark in his Christmas message to religious liberals. He is not all sternness, however, for in this message also throbs the joy of Christmastide. Don't be afraid of the title. Read **Death and Santa Claus.** You may be convicted of sin, but you will also be pleasantly surprised.

Robert Killam, an alumnus and a trustee of the Theological School at St. Lawrence, delivered the address at the dedication of Atwood Memorial Hall. **Our Faith is Our Future** is the text of that memorable address.

The editor wrote the story of the **Dedication of Atwood Memorial Hall.**

Charles Henry Emmons, Servant of God and Man, is a brief summary of a life given to the universalist ministry in parishes, in national office, and in worldwide social service.

Albert F. Harkins, minister of the First Universalist Church of Elgin, Illinois, outlines his theological credo in **The God I Do Believe In.**

GIVE YOURSELF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

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Death and Santa Claus

Robert L. Cope

SANTA CLAUS is officially welcomed to many of our cities on the last Sunday in November. There are parades in his honor. The season of "good cheer" methodically descends upon us. It comes with such speed that we must be careful not to lose our sanity, let alone our good will.

Thanksgiving Day is a small island of retreat on which all but the cooks can take a deep breath before being pushed into the turbulent, often frantic, straits through which we must make our way to holiday haven.

God of all our Christmas commerce, Lord of all our buying and selling, enthroned in splendor and laughing at his luck sits the idol of December, Santa Claus.

I feel that I ought to apologize for some of the things I am going to say about him, even to so emancipated a group of readers. I feel free to deal as honestly as I must with history and tradition, to say what must be said about this figure or that one. If there are discrepancies between a myth and a man, persons of your mind are eager to know of it and push through to the truth, even if it be of saints or seers.

But here I am on a little different ground. It is just about as unpopular to say anything critical of Santa Claus as it is to say anything complimentary of a communist. In fact, there seems to be general agreement that anyone capable of one of these sentiments is capable of both of them.

At the risk, then, of appearing subversive to lovely legends, and to childhood itself, I want to have a closer look at this jovial figure in red who commands the adulation of so many old and young December devotees.

Before I undertake that task, however, I want to pause for an important announcement. I don't want to alarm you, or contribute in any way to your anxiety, but I feel that you ought to know: There are only three non-shopping days until Christmas! I make that announcement about this time every year. Perhaps, it should be changed to read — "There are three whole Sundays left before Christmas!" That takes the pressure off.

It annoys me to be told that there are *only* so many days left. It makes me tense. The thing that makes me mad, however, is that it is designed to make me tense. We are high-pressured into a hurry-up attitude. All the better impulses of my soul warn me to take it easy! The announcement which I have made encourages me to believe that there *is* time for my soul to re-discover what it is that I am shopping for.

The first Sunday of Advent is the season known in the life of the Christian church as "Winter Lent." All the great holy days have their preceding days of preparation. The preparatory note traditionally sounded on the first Sunday of Advent are these words of John the Baptist: "Repent for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand. 'For this is he that was spoken of by the Prophet Isaiah, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.' "

It is getting to be an old familiar song for ministers to decry the "increasing commercialization and secularization of Christmas." It is such a hackneyed theme that I almost hate to mention it, except that I'd hate myself if I didn't. Indeed, I have strong impulses at this season to become a street corner evangelist, dress in sack cloth and ashes, and cry out above the jinglebelled, glittering din of our city (like one crying in a wilderness), "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Wilderness. Desert. These are not inappropriate words to describe the jungle of tinsel, neon, and canned music amid which we shall run our errands and live our lives during the next few weeks.

The problem is not new, few problems are. Chrysostom, one of the early Fathers of the Christian Church, said of December 25: "On this day also the Birthday of Christ was lately fixed at Rome in order that while the heathen were busy with their profane

ceremonies, the Christians might perform their sacred rites."

Religious liberals have little interest in anything that might be called " sacred rites," but we certainly ought to have a moral sensitivity to the way we and our fellows act like heathens busy with profane ceremonies.

It seems to me that Santa Claus and all he stands for is in active competition with Jesus and all he stands for, and that we shall have to realize this and make a decision for the higher values. If we fail to make such preparation during these days of Advent we may succeed in having some sort of good time at the cost of having utterly missed the point, the peace, and the piety of the silent, holy night.

There is one outstanding similarity between the two traditional Christmas stories. I refer to the story about Santa and his presents and to the story about Mary and her baby. The similarity is this: they are both myths which have grown up around historic personalities. However, the Santa Claus of today bears little resemblance to Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who had a happy magical faculty for producing generous gifts. For example, he turned three little bags of gold into three solid gold balls to provide a dowry for the daughters of a poor man. There is an ironic appropriateness to the fact that Nicholas is the Patron Saint of Pawnbrokers, the three gold balls have long served as their trade-mark. I trust that homage to Santa will not force you to seek out that sign!

As for the other myth, the humility and poverty of the adult Jesus ("Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man has nowhere to lay his head") *this* fact of his life gives a certain suitableness and poignancy to the ex post facto fabrication of a manger born saviour.

Let us not hedge, or evade, let us honestly acknowledge that not a single element in the birth story (except the fact of the birth itself) has any historical validity.

The gospel record is primitive and naive, it grew out of a climate of opinion which is no longer ours. *It speaks, however, of truths we shall never outgrow,* and mediates meanings we cannot do without.

To those who rant that every aspect of the Nativity legend is fact, say this: It sounds just as moving when you open your eyes. To those who mumble that the Nativity is nothing but a myth, say this: Be still, and listen to the music.

I do not believe that angels sang so that men could hear the music on that silent night. However, knowing something about the man Jesus I think they should have. I am glad to sing about Herald Angels not because I think anybody ever saw them, but because as Christmas draws near I seem to hear them!

As you examine the personalities of Jesus of Nazareth and Nicholas of Myra you will see why the legends which evolved placed one in a stable and the other, finally, in a workshop wonderland. And I think you will see these environments as alternative views of what Christmas means.

There is another remarkable contrast between Jesus Christ and Santa Claus. The first thing Santa asks is this: "Have you been a good little boy (or girl)?" ("Good" in this case means obedience to parental instruction and conventional morality.) If one can answer "yes" then Santa will bring a gift.

Now, if that was the first question Jesus asked as one encountered him, who could answer, "yes"? (Goodness in this case implying so much more.) He does *not* ask, yet offers his gift freely. That gift was the gift of acceptance, understanding, love. He held it out to publicans, prostitutes, and low grade politicians.

("I am not come to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance.") It is apparent, then, that Jesus comes to precisely those whom Santa passes by.

When our giving is reserved for those whom we love because they belong to us and we think them good, what has our reverence for Jesus done to transform the kind of Christmas we keep? We might just as well never have encountered him as one of the noblest figures of history, because mankind knew how to throw a party for "me and mine" long before his particular birthday.

It is obvious that Christmas could come and go and we very easily miss the kind of love that the manger means. Thus, failing to *receive,* we would fail to *give* presents worthy of our stable born Prince whose love was so without strings that he remembered those whom Santa forgets.

There is a plaintive and profound Spiritual which says, "I wonder as I wander out under the sky, why Jesus the Saviour did come for to die, for poor ornery sinners like you and like I." The song is often heard on Good Friday. It belongs also to Christmas. Look at that child in the manger and remember why he came. Grasp again the import of that one shining human life. That, and that alone, is the foundation of the deepest joy to be found in Christmas. Heaven is not far away or strange. The highest is here! His name shall be called mighty Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, Emmanuel — "God With Us." This is God's gift to us at Christmas. It is life's gift to us any

day we will have it. As Walt Whitman said in one of his poems: "Not 'til the sun refuses to shine for you or the rain to rain for you, do I exclude you." Come into the joy of Divinity, come into the fellowship of wholeness and health. So speaks existence.

"I say unto you love (even) your enemies, do good to them that hate you . . . that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have you? do not even the publicans the same?" So speaks Jesus, on behalf of life itself. We have not earned it, perhaps not even deserved it; it is a gift without strings. The wise will open it and know that it is just what they needed.

How does one say thanks for such a gift? By giving again what has been received. How? Without strings, openly, with understanding, with the healing power of loving concern. To whom? To the outcast, to all the "not so nice" people of the world, the forgotten, the sinful who need a saving touch, the hate filled who need a touching saviour, the sick who need comfort, the lonely who need companionship. When we learn how to receive the gift of Christmas we will learn how to give it.

The New Yorker Magazine once reported an interview with an executive from Macy's department store in New York. "Snow! Sleighs! Starlight! A forest of birches! Eighty thousand square feet of our ground floor turned into a veritable winter wonderland!" The man added that Macy's was sparing no pains or expense . . . "There would be holly from Italy, fern from Java, tumbleweed from Texas, all with a snow-white, flame-proof finish. There would be candelabra of reindeer's antlers" made out of plaster. The executive continued, "I've had from eight to ten sculptors sculpting away like mad here for the past three months." (The figures were in plastic, papier-maché, and textiles.) "We've got Madonna, angels, men, women, girls, boys, cows, dogs . . . What a Christmas this is going to be."

Yes, I can see it everywhere. What a Christmas this is going to be. The God of December chuckles on his throne! The poet, E. E. Cummings, has written a morality play in verse called *Santa Claus*. In this allegory, Death and Santa Claus are the joint protagonists.

Early in the drama, Death persuades Santa Claus to change costumes with him, so that they are not what they appear to be on the surface.

Dressed as Death, Santa Claus speaks these lines.

I say it, and you feel it in your hearts:
we are all of us no longer glad and whole,
we have all of us sold our spirits into death,
we have all of us lost our living honesty,
we are all of us sick — the sick parts of a sick thing.
And so we are all of us not any more ourselves.
— Who can tell truth from falsehood anymore?
I say it, and you feel it in your hearts:
no man or woman on this big small earth.
— How should our sages miss the mark of life,
And our most skillful players lose the game?
Your hearts will tell you, as my heart has told me:
Because all know, and no one understands.
— O, we are so very full of knowing
That we are empty: empty of understanding.

At Advent time as we begin again our journey toward a star, it may help us on our quest to hear this portion of T. S. Eliot's Journey of the Magi: (one of the Wise Men, now old, is reminiscing.)

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But we had thought they were different; this birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation.
With all alien people clutching their Gods.

That birth, the birth of Jesus, is like a death, our death, if we belong to the old dispensation as an alien people clutching the old comfortable, complacent gods. But, if we are willing to let these gods die (and our old selves also) then *welcome* the Reaper who comes to claim them. Look under his mask — and have a Merry Christmas.

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Doxology

To be numbered 499 - Alternate, in *Hymns of the Spirit* (Beacon Press).

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heav'nly throng.
Praise him in thankful prayer and song.

—Adaptation by SHELDON CHRISTIAN

Persons and Events

Heads of Liberal Churches broadcast to captive millions of Eastern Europe. Dr. Frederick M. Eliot, president of the Amercan Unitarian Association, and Dr. Brainard F. Gibbons, general superintendent of The Universalist Church of America, prepare to broadcast a message by Radio Free Europe in connection with Freedom of the Press Sunday, November 6.

The Executive Committee of the Council of Liberal Churches. Beginning on the left, Hopkins, Gibbons, Sawyer, Springall, Hampel, Eliot.

HE WAS LONELY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

This is a true story — a portrait of a lonely man. The time: December 24, 1845. The place: Berlin.

Hans Christian Andersen sat alone in the quiet of a hotel room. Night had already fallen and the lights of the city twinkled in a particularly festive way that Christmas Eve. Schoolboys called to each other on the streets. Townspeople tramped the thoroughfares laden with gifts.

But the famous author shared none of the gaiety. Brooding thoughts crowded his mind. He had come to Berlin after a trip through Germany, having tasted widespread popularity. Princes and poets had flocked around him as had publishers clamoring for new works. But — as was afterwards revealed — each of his new friends believed that he had already accepted an invitation elsewhere for Christmas Eve. And so Andersen, who would have been welcome in a hundred homes, spent the night in none.

But the sharpest irony of all was the fact that at innumerable firesides that night were read his jewel-like tales of magical romance. He warmed the hearts of young and old. But there was none to warm his.

It is so easy to take for granted those who have given us happiness.

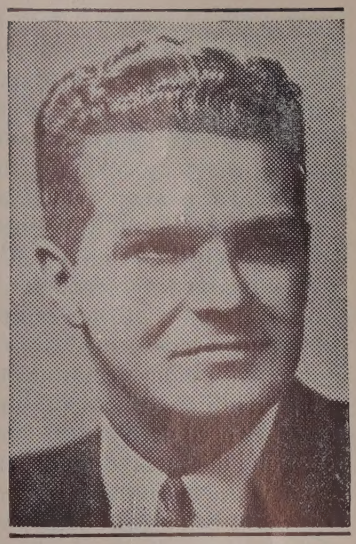
Christmas floods our hearts with joy. But Christmas has been given to us by Christ who was born nineteen hundred years ago. It would be thoughtless, indeed, if while gathering with family or friends we should fail to invite Him to our festive boards. For He will not be received at all unless *we* take Him in.

To gain the spiritual meaning of the glorious holiday season, attend your church!

—Mervin C. Helfrich

Our Faith Is Our Future

Robert Killam



Address at the dedication of Atwood Hall, new home of the Theological School of St. Lawrence University.

THIS is the centennial academic year for St. Lawrence. One cannot help wishing he had an eye witness's description of the Theological School of one hundred years ago. What struggle, what disappointments and discouragement must have attended its establishment and early development! That does not really matter now, of course; it is long since forgotten. What does matter, and what we have not forgotten and shall not forget, is that the founders succeeded in setting a school upon this hill whose teaching and inspiration and influence for good have gone out in wave after widening wave through its graduates over a period of one hundred years to unnumbered thousands who never knew the source of their blessing.

It was my own good fortune to come here twenty-four years ago, in the fall of 1931. I had been graduated from Dickinson College the preceding June, and had been accepted by the large theological school of a large university in a large eastern city. Between June and September I worked in that city and waited for the university to open. When it did I attended the first two days of classes, listened to the professors and heard the courses outlined. I took stock. I did not like the city. I did not like what I had seen of the school. I did not like the course of study that had been outlined. I was almost at the point of deciding that the profession of the ministry was not for me. I telephoned a friend and talked with him about it. He counseled against a hasty decision and suggested that I investigate the Theological School at St. Lawrence. Why not? I had nothing to lose! And as it soon proved, I had everything to gain!

Having with some difficulty located Canton, New York, on my road map, I set out immediately, drove all night, and arrived here the next afternoon. I went to Dean Atwood's house and introduced myself to the gracious and lovely little lady who opened the door. The Dean, it appeared, was attending a village caucus, but would be home before long. She brought me into the living room, and we talked — about St. Lawrence and about me. It seemed a short time until the Dean came. He talked with me for an hour. I stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Atwood for dinner. I stayed over night. I stayed two years! (And I recall how sad a time it was, on Commencement Day in 1933, when I bade them good-by, and walked out of the house that had been truly home, and drove away, down the hill!)

But what a feast I found here! What stimulation and inspiration and challenge! We wrestled with the big problems of life. We ignored its trivia, and concentrated on its real values, the eternal values. Here our courses had a variety of names as they were listed in the catalogues, but human life was all our subject matter. We learned here the essential lesson: that man is not only a phenomenon in space and time, but is also a living personality, marvelously compounded of hopes and fears, with the ability to make discriminating judgments of values, and capable of deep commitment and self-sacrificing dedication. Here we

were never permitted to forget that all the exact sciences, all the arts and social sciences, all of the ideals of the race, having meaning and relevancy *only as they are mediated through human personality;* that astronomy is meaningless without the astronomer; that social sciences, by definition, evaporate when there is no society of living personalities for them to describe; that love has life only through the lover, and faith only through the believer. We knew that men have bodies, and need bread, and a roof, and families around them. But we learned here how they also need, and how desperately they need, the joy of falling in love with the adventure of truth, and liberation of the spirit through wisdom, good will and love; and how they need deep insight into the aims and the purposes and the values of human life; and how they need to know everything that is worth living for, and why it is worth living for. This was not only the tradition of the school; this was also its practice, and its achievement. Under the spell of its spirit, mediated through its teachers, we gained understanding and wisdom and tolerance, we rose above ourselves! We learned what to worship — the best that man knows — and why we must worship it, and how.

And what shall I say of the teachers? I don't have the words I need! John Murray Atwood, the finest man I have ever known — interested in every human concern, large and small, and in every human being who ever touched his life. None of us who knew him will forget the unfailing faith he had in us, all of us, a faith, often, that could not have been justified by the standards of ordinary and lesser men. In a sense he created us, for it was because he believed in us that we came to believe in ourselves, in our worth as men and ministers, in the validity of our dreams, in the supreme importance of our mission. And what a teacher! The course didn't matter — it might be Theology or Biography, Bible Literature or Greek — in every class there were revelations as he opened the way to new and challenging insights. He was unerring in his appreciation of the values of life that are worth while, and unswerving in his devotion to them, and in every class there was the religious experience of new commitment, of rededication.

I cannot forget that Dean Atwood ordained and installed me in my first church in Rutland, Vermont, and that he assisted at services for my installations at Utica, New York, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Cleveland. Many of my fellow ministers, could give like testimony out of their own experience. We knew we should not ask him to add these extra burdens to his busy life, but where he was concerned we couldn't help being selfish. When we were graduated he had talked to us as a wise teacher talks to the pupils he loves, telling us what it means to be a minister. We wanted to have him tell us again and again, at our ordinations and installations, in the "Charge to the Minister." But most of all we wanted him to see us, and be proud of us, and give us once again his blessing at these significant milestones of our achievement.

His life was a benediction. How blessed we were who knew him! We were taught, not so much out of his mind, by what he knew, as out of his heart, by what he was. How completely fitting it is that this new building, where generations of teachers of like spirit will continue his work, carries his name and stands in his memory!

And how perfectly he was complemented by the other members of the faculty: Angus MacLean, Edson Miles, Philbrook Morrell, dedicated men and inspired teachers, every one of them!

Only one of the men who were my teachers remains active in the school now — a worthy successor to John Murray Atwood — Dean MacLean, whose human understanding and great wisdom and noble spirit are so well matched with this hour and its needs. We are fortunate, too, in his colleagues, Max Kapp and Robert Tapp. And how significant it is that such a man as Morton Enslin finds his place in this school!

It is appropriate on this occasion that we salute the past. We remember it with love, and are deeply grateful for it. But even in this moment of grateful memory we know that we would not want to go back to it. We know that this is a new day with new demands. We know that the old school, if it were resurrected, would die. We know that if it had remained unchanged, at any stage of its history, it would not be here now.

Not very long before his death, Thomas Wolfe wrote a letter to his old and beloved teacher, Mrs. J. M. Roberts. In it he tells of revisiting his old home town after a long absence: "I can't tell you what a tremendous experience that was . . . it may have been one of the great turning points in my life. It crystallized a feeling, a conviction, a discovery that I had been slowly coming to for years. And I suppose that discovery and conviction might be best summarized by these words; 'You can't go home again!'

"It has been a hard and grievous discovery, and so much time has been spent in mourning for the dead; but now that I have made it I feel new strength and hope: I am standing on the shores of a new land, and if the old world is behind me, my heart somehow is full of hope about the new one I shall explore; because

I found out that although you can't go home again, the home of all of us, of every mother's son of us, is in the future!"

Were we in need of the lesson, these lines would serve to remind us — but we, whose heritage is the free spirit, ought not to need to be told that we must look to the future and find our fulfillment there. We stand committed — to the service of a truth which will range widely through all the futures yet remaining to the race of man. But what service will this truth require of us, as we enter upon a second century — what will it ask of us, and of the young men, future products of this school, entering upon a ministry which will serve the world of today and tomorrow? They will be armed with a proud tradition and a noble faith, steadfastly fashioned and lovingly bequeathed them by their predecessors here. But they will stand, and we must admit it, before a future unfathomable as never before.

The written records of all ages have chronicled great battles and great wars, but it remained for the century just past, the era which we contemplate tonight, to develop the art of warfare through its penultimate stages, to its last perfection, its absolutely final form. During the first decade of its existence, this school witnessed a war between brothers, to safeguard a union which has since become the most vast and most powerful confederation of free men upon this globe. The grandsons of its first graduates took up arms in a war which called itself The Great War — a war to end wars — whose most notable result was the foundation laid for future conflict. Our most recent alumni reached manhood in the midst of that further struggle, World War II, which encompassed Atlantic and Pacific, Europe and Asia, incomparable in the impartiality with which it inflicted suffering upon the just and unjust — in which women and children and whole cities full of non-combatants met a doom as terrible and as total as any encountered by military men upon its battlefields — a war which came to its end in a flash of light over Hiroshima, and the dawning of a new and dreadful day.

It is heart-breaking enough to look back upon the last war. Through it all life was hard, bitterly hard, and death was harder and more bitter. Our world was an Inferno in which eyeless, heartless, soulless robots consumed in shattering explosions the household, the shrine, the photograph of one's mother, and the body of a living child. A man so young that life sang in his veins like wine, his eyes fixed in the wary stare of the offensive, was a silhouette, and a flame, and then was no more at all. Grief pressed a stone upon millions of hearts, as millions of Rachels wept for their lost sons.

It is heart-breaking enough to look back upon this, but we have gone far beyond this now, and we stand on the very brink of a future horror which makes all past horror shrink into insignificance. We have now carried to its final conclusion that fateful process which began with the hammering out of the first crude battle-axe. Violence has bred violence in forms ever more complex until we have reached a point at which we stand aghast, because our weapons have become too terrible to use. We know that the aggressor in the next, nuclear war, will destroy himself as well as his opponent — that his bombs will blight his progeny as yet unborn. They may well make the world uninhabitable, or else its inhabitants a race of idiots and cripples. This argument, in its appalling clarity, does not need spelling out nor translation into other languages. It is clear to us, and it is equally clear to our antagonists. Its conclusions are irrefutable and inescapable. Its implications are binding upon all of us who draw breath. We can depend no longer on armies or navies, or alliances, or international maneuvering, or on the old-fashioned balance of power in a more or less stable world. We enjoy a most precarious peace, whose equilibrium is based on no more than what Winston Churchill has called a "balance of horror."

Is this then the end? This condition of stalemate, this uneasy peace which bears in itself the seeds of its own destruction? Listen to William Faulkner, in his acceptance of a Nobel Prize:

"I decline to accept the end of man . . . I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance."

Something momentous has indeed happened in the past century of this school's existence. What has been preached here is a gospel of peace, but we have seen the gospel of violence in the hour of its triumph. It has been brought home to us at last that he who takes the sword must perish by the sword. To protect peace by waging wars is beyond us now. We must make a new beginning. We stand, like Adam at the gate, before an angel with a flaming sword. We cannot return where once we trod. And the future before us? It is unfathomable because its problems demand of us answers altogether new. The old ones are all invalid now, obsolete, outworn. It has always been an instinct of the human animal to protect what he

values by throwing up a wall around it, and when that has been demolished, to build a better and a stronger and a more extensive wall. He must now learn, in the years to come, to live in a world without walls, in a new and unaccustomed freedom.

This is a freedom for which we are not ready, which dismays and disquiets us. Certainly the future asks of us as a race an effort of intelligence and will unequalled in the past. We must rethink all our ideals and all our intentions, our ends and our means. We must evolve entirely new conceptions of such things as safety and security. We must recognize, for one thing, that we cannot ensure the rights of some by curtailing the liberties of others. There is no security save in character and it is time we recognized that fact. We must be led at last to the realization that there is but one force in this world strong enough to overcome the force of nuclear fission — and that force is found only in the sinews of the human heart.

The task we face — as a school, as teachers and students and ministers — will be harder than anything we have ever imagined. The past century saw the battle well won between Darwin and the Bible, the resolution of the conflict between *The Origin of Species* and the first chapters of *Genesis.* From the struggle emerged the fine firm conviction that religion was not threatened, but rather reinforced, by modern science. Together, the scientist, statesman, minister and moral philosopher expected to lead the world on its upward and almost unlimited way. We are the heirs of those people. And now we find that our inheritance, once seemingly so golden, has turned to dust and ashes in our hands. The minister in our free church is now bereft of the support which science gave him in his hope for the future. He has been forced to concede that there is no real connection between material progress and spiritual advance. He has learned that material means are treacherous tools, likely to turn in his hand, when used in an attempt to further spiritual aims. Reluctantly he realizes that the laboratory will not see the birth of his new world.

Where then can he go? There is but one place left, and it was the birthplace of man's dearest and highest hopes before the alchemist set out on his quest for the philosopher's stone. It is not a laboratory; it is not a council chamber; it is not even a church, but the most intimate of hope's strongholds — it is the religious heart of man. And we must speak to it!

Who shall interpret to people their times and their experience if it be not the artist, the poet, the teacher, *the minister?* Shall he tell a mother that her son is a nicely balanced compound of chemical substances? Or that religion is an opiate of the people? Or that three green apples contain the universe?

Everywhere there is a hunger of the people to know what it is they live by, and they are yearning for a vision of a great future. They need to see the world as it is, yes, but even more do they need to see the world as it could be, transformed and rebuilt by men of good will and the sacrificial spirit. Some of you will remember the Boston speech of Franklin Roosevelt in 1944. At the beginning it was full of sharp and witty remarks, and the great crowd laughed and responded with quick appreciation. But at the end of the speech the President changed his tone and spoke with clear fervor of the past and the future when he said, "Peace, no less than war, must offer a spirit of comradeship, achievement, unselfishness and an indomitable will to victory . . . I say we must wage the coming battle for America and for civilization on a scale worthy of the way we have waged this war against tyranny and reaction . . . I say we must wage a peace to attract the highest hearts, the most competent hands and brains. That is the conception I have of total victory . . . And that conception is founded on faith — faith in the unlimited destiny, the unconquerable spirit, of the United States of America."

Through this passage, this testimony of utter faith, and this picture of the great battle for civilization to be waged in peace, the people stood in spellbound silence, looking up at the President with rapt attention, and at the end the applause was a roar. Why? Because in that moment the President had spoken for them what they wanted, and needed, to hear — what they needed to fill the spiritual vacuum which thirty years of cynicism and four years of most terrible war had blasted in their lives. And how did he speak? In the grand manner, not in a fireside talk or report, but to a living community of men and women reaching out to each other, unconsciously, and to him, for comfort and sustenance and support.

Thus it is that people are listening now, and will be listening in the months and years just ahead, as men listen only when the great issues of life and death and honor and self-respect are thrust upon them, and their ordinary trivialities fall away. Some of them will be listening to the men who come out of this school, desperately needing to have someone speak to their hearts. How shall we speak to them in their hour of need? What shall we say? What shall we do?

There is one thing we may not do. We may not face our perilous and problematical future with less courage, fewer convictions and a poorer consecration

than great men have faced the futures gone by! We will not answer the threat of atomic energy by pronouncing indictments against its use, nor by sending out troops to guard deposits of uranium, nor by pitting poor human flesh against a force that is pitiless and insuperably stronger. We will answer it with the old answer that humanity has always made, in its best and bravest moments, to the hostility of material forces: that the spirit of man is mightier still!

To proclaim and explore and assert the deep worth and enduring nature of all truly human values — which alone can prevail over inhumanity and violence — that is the task which lies before us and this school in its second century. And that these human values, to us so compelling, will some day be self-evident to all men — on this proposition we are once again called to wager our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor!

"The choice is always ours. Then, let me choose
The longest art, the hard Promethian way
Cherishingly to tend and feed and fan
That inward fire, whose small precarious flame,
Kindled or quenched, creates
The noble or the ignoble men we are,
The worlds we live in and the very fates,
Our bright or muddy star."

The choice *is* always ours. This school has never failed to make the good choice. Now, with more at stake than ever before, the life of the race itself, it will make the true choice again.

What of the future? I remember now a few great words of dedication I once heard John Murray Atwood speak: "Not as forgetting our inspiring history, the heroic, self-denying lives and faithful testimony of our fathers, and not in any boastful way, for I know my own inadequacy, do I say that I would rather be a minister in such a church as ours now, today, than at any time in the past! I rejoice with Angela Morgan 'To be alive in such an age! To live for it! To give to it!'" It is this spirit I covet for myself, for all my fellow-ministers in the faith, and, above all, for this school we love, and for the men, the teachers and students, who will perpetuate its noble tradition and who will raise it to new and ever greater heights of achievement.

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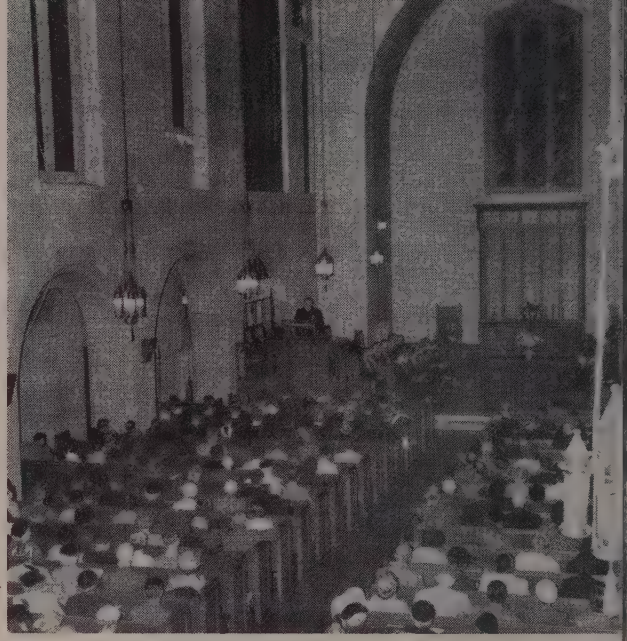
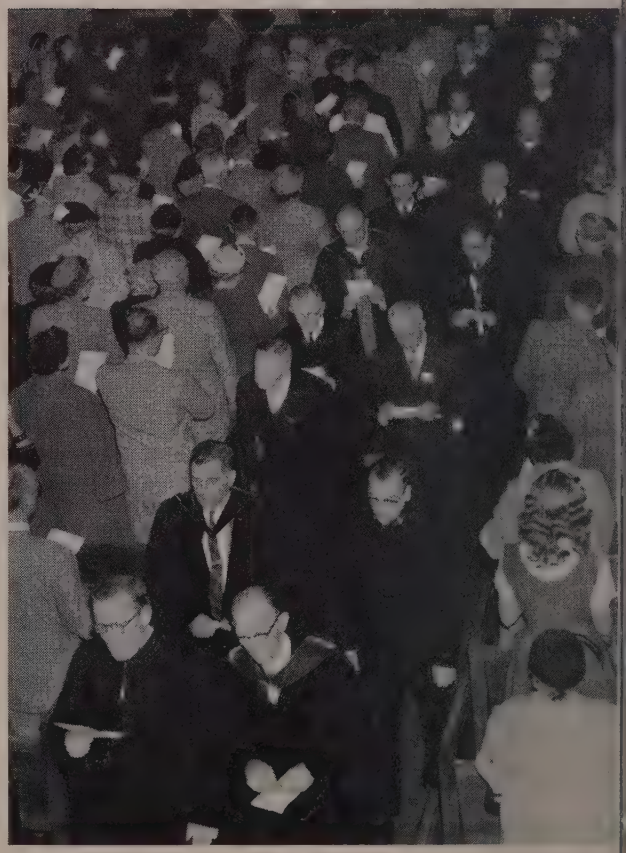
Atwood Hall Dedicated at St. Lawrence



Dedication Service, Gunnison Chapel

The Recessional

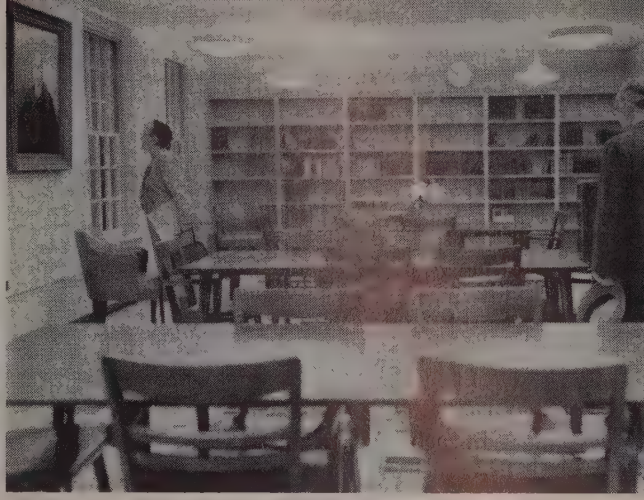


ATWOOD MEMORIAL HALL, the new home of the Theological School at St. Lawrence University, was formally dedicated Monday evening, October 17. Several hundred New York State Universalists were joined by scores of representative Universalists from across the country in this dramatic expression of the New York State Convention theme, *Toward a Dynamic Universalism.* The dedication was, in fact, the high point of the one-hundred and thirtieth annual session of New York State Universalists. One Universalist, also an alumnus of St. Lawrence, said of the occasion, "This is the most historic event that has occurred on our campus since Madame Curie and Owen D. Young dedicated our chemistry building."

The first part of the service was held in Gunnison Memorial Chapel. The service opened with a processional of students, faculty, trustees, alumni and guests.

The Rev. Howard Gilman, superintendent of New York State Universalist Churches, offered the Invocation and led the congregation in the Bond of Fellowship. The First Reading was by the Rev. Philip R. Giles, director of the Department of the Ministry of the Universalist Church. The Second Reading was by the Rev. Theodore A. Webb, minister of the Canton Universalist Church. Dr. Brainard F. Gibbons, general superintendent of The Universalist Church of

Seminar Room



Reading Room

America, offered the Dedication Prayer. Anthem and choral responses were by the Laurentian Singers.

Dr. Robert Killam, minister of the Unitarian-Universalist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, and alumnus and trustee of the School, gave the dedication sermon. The text of Dr. Killam's sermon appears elsewhere in this number of the *Leader.*

Dr. Eugene G. Bewkes, president of St. Lawrence University, presented the deed to the School. This was received on behalf of the Board of Trustees by Dr. Stuart A. Winning. John D. Brush, co-chairman of the Campaign Committee, then presented the keys of the building to Dr. Ellsworth C. Reamon, president of the Board of Trustees. Malcolm Black, chairman of the Special Gifts Committee, expressed the appreciation of his co-workers and thanks to the donors. Dr. Max A. Kapp expressed the appreciation of trustees and faculty of the fine work of architect, contractors and workmen.

Dr. Reamon presented the building to the faculty and the students and it was accepted by Dean MacLean.

Following the Recessional Hymn, the students, faculty and trustees led the congregation to the foot of the steps to the main entrance of Atwood Memorial Hall. Here, Dr. Max A. Kapp presided as narrator for the ceremonial of the opening of the doors. Dr. Kapp's opening meditation evoked the spirits of generations of loyal Universalists who had gone before. He called to mind the heroic labors of the pioneers, Ebenezer Fisher and John Stebbins Lee, and pictured the more than half a century of service given to school, church and community by Isaac Morgan Atwood and his son, John Murray Atwood, all of whom are memorialized in this noble building.

For the opening of the doors, Dr. Edson Russell Miles, senior member of the Theological School community was escorted up the steps by two students. After Dr. Miles had opened the doors, a student delegation carried the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures into the building. They were followed by other students bearing the Scriptures of the other world religions. There followed a delegation of children carrying the tools of religious education. Finally, came two light bearers carrying lighted candelabra. As these entered the building, lights came up in the building; first the basement floor, then the first floor, then finally the second floor and the building was ablaze from the ground to its illumined tower. For all who were present, this closing ceremony was an unforgettable experience. For faculty and trustees, it was the climax of a long, hard project. For hundreds of loyal Universalists whose gifts made possible this building, this opening was a joy indeed.

Following the ceremony, the entire company moved into the building, there to find beautiful and well-designed class rooms, reading room and lounge, offices for instructors, all well-lighted, heated and ventilated. The Hale Memorial Chapel at the rear of the main floor is a dignified and beautiful center of worship.

State Convention

The sessions of the one hundred and thirtieth meeting of New York Universalists were well attended

(*Continued on Page* 300)

AT SUCH A TIME, CHRISTMAS, IN SUCH A WORLD

(*A guest editorial*)

At a time when E equals MC^2 and we know it
At a time when MC^2 equals E and we're scared to death
In a world where Geneva means who knows what to do
In a world where Geneva means some miracle might happen
In such a world
At such a time
We who do not believe in miracles
We who have outgrown enthusiasm
Feel stirrings of an ancient excitement
"For unto you is born this day a child"

In such a world
At such a time
Happy Holiday

• • •

Eventually the world slew Him
Eventually the world will slay us or worse
Just leave us to the dust
And it satisfies the snobs to think the Saviours cannot save themselves.
In such a world
At such a time
Meaning comes in surprising places
Meaning comes when we doubt it could
Lying on straw helpless and hopeful
Or nailed atop some ugly hill

In such a world
At such a time
Merry Christmas

• • •

At a time when life equals love and we rejoice in both
At a time when love equals life and we're thrilled to death
In a world where Bethlehem means we all know what and forgot
In a world where Bethlehem means such miracles still happen

In such a world
At such a time
Noel Noel

—Robert L. Cope

OF THE GIFT AND THE GIVER

When John and Mary sent in their ten dollars for their two memberships in the Universalist Service Committee they added height and depth and reach to their personalities.

This is so because those dollars were neither tribute nor tax. They were truly the outward symbol of an inner grace. These people by their active concern for and with human need have become a part of a world girdling Advent and a many centuried Incarnation. This Advent and Incarnation are no hoary theologic dicta. This *is* "the word made flesh" and blood, and brain and brawn, *and loving heart.*

Why? Because John and Mary, when they became personal members of the Universalist Service Committee, became partners of intelligent and dedicated young people who, in work camp units, go into psychiatric hospitals and give to the sick, lonely, friendless patients that most precious of medicines, understanding fellowship. John and Mary also became coworkers with those valiant men and women of Arbeiter Wohfahrt who open the doors of life to desperate German and other displaced youth. John and Mary by their active membership in the Service Committee help to bring light and joy to childhood at Suffolk Neighborhood House. They join with the staff and members of Ryder Community House in an exciting demonstration of interracial human fellowship, a proof of the validity of Universalism.

When all the Johns and Marys of our church become personally committed to the Universalist Service Committee work they stand shoulder to shoulder with all of these workers, and many more who labor to lift man to brotherhood and to God.

This is Advent and this is Incarnation. The philosopher poet who wrote the Gospel of John put it this way, "In the Beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us . . . and we beheld his glory . . .," In this the poet was describing *an unending process.* And he was also uttering an imperative summons. For the Word must become flesh and dwell in us if there is to be any Advent or Incarnation. And the "glory" of that word is in patient, persistent labor for men and women and children in their dire needs for food and friendly fellowship.

A CHEER FOR THE SMALL RADIO STATIONS

THEY don't carry the big name shows, but daily and hourly while they are on the air they broadcast the most significant drama to be heard on the North American continent. Who? The little radio stations located in our small cities.

Living as we do, spring, summer and fall, on the extreme northeast tip of Cape Ann, our point of land projecting five miles into the Atlantic, we are constantly tuning into these programs. At first they were an annoyance when we were looking for what we then thought more important programs. Then one day we discovered the really important things that go on the air from America's small-town broadcasting stations. Most undramatic in form, these items add up to the most exciting drama on earth.

Here, illumined by the editorial comments of the local announcer, is America at home. Here are Americans in free fellowship of work and play cooperating for the common good. Yesterday it was the local service club's project for boys that was highlighted. Today it is the coming P.T.A. meeting and the community scout jamboree. A particularly busy week brings news of a church supper, a veterans' benefit, and a county farmers' institute. The folks studying "the great books" are starting their fall sessions and get a plug in for their project. The local news commentator touches on a meeting of citizens indignant at something the selectmen or the city council has done or proposes to do. It's all news that makes no metropolitan headlines. It is, however, more important than many of the big headlines, for here are Americans exercising their constitutional rights of freedom of speech, freedom of association, and freedom to differ.

We are not unmindful of the importance of the great broadcasting chains nor ungrateful to them for many important services. We are equally grateful to the little fellows in the provinces. And so we say a cheer for the small radio stations. Your stuff is more important than all the big name performances. Don't let any big commission underrate you as unimportant. You serve America well. Keep up the good work.

RESOLUTIONS

THE frustrating experience Universalist delegates had with resolutions at the Detroit assembly was repeated with local and minor variations by New York Universalists in convention last October.

The following editorial paragraph reprinted from *The Christian Century* indicates that the problem of pronouncements is common to Protestant churches.

> Is there a churchman who does not worry, after each new spate of church resolutions, about how well the statements have been wrought? Is there one who does not wonder just what the resolutions have accomplished? An ideal has been proclaimed, at least. Or was it — either "ideal" or "proclaimed"? An informed opinion was stated — or was it? The church's mind was broadcast — or was it? A stand was taken — or was it? For whom do the resolutions speak, and to whom do they speak? How seriously are they meant and how seriously are they received? Every major church meeting underlines the problem of pronouncements.

We believe that most resolutions, if they are to be in any valid manner the expression of the mind of the group, should come to state and national organizations only after they have been submitted to the constituent churches; there studied, debated, and voted upon.

There are exceptions to all rules, this one included, if it should become our guide to practice. However that may be, we have reached the point of absurdity in the matter of convention action on resolutions. Let's do something practical and constructive about this *before another convention season rolls around.*

COUNCIL OF SUPERINTENDENTS

THE Council of Superintendents of The Universalist Church of America which met in Philadelphia November 15-17 provides not only a useful clearing house for Universalist affairs, local, State, and national, but also is itself an evidence of increased health in Universalism. In the years since the State Superintendents were first convened by Dr. Cummins, the group has grown from a loose aggregation of individuals quite unrelated in policy and practice into a team of officials effectively co-operating in many areas. The net result is better programs and better service by Universalist churches everywhere.

Christmas day comes on Sunday this year. This means that we are in more than usual danger of having the holiday spoil the Holy Day. Despite similarity in sound, the terms are not synonymous. The day of Advent is a time for song and grateful prayer; Christmas, a day of jovial fellowship. Both are good. But gay presents are mockery without grateful prayer.

Atwood Hall

(*Continued from Page* 297)

and one heard many enthusiastic comments on the addresses and panel discussions. Dr. Morton Enslin, Craig professor of Biblical languages and literature at St. Lawrence, delivered the keynote address.

Monday afternoon the State Association of Universalist Women under the leadership of Mrs. Robert L. Cope of Buffalo presented an interesting program on "Toward a Dynamic Liberal Church."

Tuesday was devoted entirely to the educational ministry under the leadership of Lucile Smith, state director of education for Universalists. The Rev. Ernest W. Kuebler, director of the Division of Education, Council of Liberal Churches, was the luncheon speaker. In the afternoon, the Rev. Dana E. Klotzle, director of the Universalist Service Committee, and Dr. Emerson Hugh Lalone, editor of *The Universalist Leader,* presented a program on "The Dynamics of Service."

The Tuesday evening session was highlighted by the occasional sermon by the Rev. Walter Royal Jones of Floral Park. The final business sessions on Wednesday morning were closed by a dramatic choric reading written by the Rev. Theodore Webb and directed by Mrs. Webb. The reading dramatized the essential spirit of Universalism.

Christmas Thoughts Expressed in Japanese "Waka"

(31 Syllable Poem)

Asahi sasu kumo naki sora o fuku kaze ni
Makasan hito no yono yukusue o.
The morning sun is shining without a cloud
in the sky,
And the wind is blowing.
In His care, entrust the future of the world.

Chiri no yo wa yuki ni umorete Christmas
Kiyoki kokoro ni inoru kiyo kana.
A dusty world is covered with snow on
Christmas day.
We purify our minds and pray to God.

Saeru tsuki kagayaku hikari mite
Ukiyo no hoka no idaisa o shiru.
Looking at the clear moon and sparkling lights
of the stars,
I find something greater beyond this earth.

Shigeki Yatsuhashi.
(Mrs. H. Yatsuhashi)

STILL NO ROOM

Christmas, over the centuries, has been a symbol of hope, the promise of a day to come when peace would prevail throughout the world and the spirit of good will would be in the hearts of people everywhere. Many of us who live in comfortable homes and have a feeling of comparative security for ourselves and families tend to act as if the ideal world were nearly achieved although we know it isn't. We spend a great deal more time worshiping the ideal than we do practicing it.

There was no room at the inn for Jesus' parents, according to the gospel story, and so he was born in a stable. We might criticize the innkeeper and feel that if he really wanted to he could have found room for a young mother delivering her first child. If it occurred today no doubt we would do better. But before we are too critical consider the fact that Jesus, himself, would be turned away from hundreds of inns in our country today because they cater exclusively to "restricted clientele—white, gentiles only." Still no room!

We, as the innkeepers of our own lives, must make choices as to what we will receive and what we will reject. Too often we are willing to entertain in our front rooms a crowd of petty activities while consigning to the stable the important things of life. Most of us are well intentioned folk, respectable citizens who cherish the great religious ideals of peace and brotherhood. Indeed, we like the ideals so much we fill our house with them until there is no room left. And when a lovely young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Practical Application, knock on our door and ask for help we have to say, sadly but firmly, "Sorry, we are all filled; but we'll be glad to have you stay in the stable."

—William E. Gardner

Charles Henry Emmons, Servant of God and Man

Fate plays no tricks.
This chord holding true sway
O'er mind, and will, and passion, ties man
Anew to God in harmony and at-one-ment.
Then sweet humbleness of heart and sense
Are met with grace sufficient, real,
Purging the mortal sense of taint: assuring peace,
In place of conflicts, certainly in place of doubt.
Fate plays no tricks. You deal the blows
That fall upon your unprotected head, and heart.
"The Law is One."

These lines written by Charles H. Emmons many years ago are no easy expression of facile rhetoric. They are in truth an expression of the inner man. "Sweet humbleness of heart and sense" were a part of Charles Emmons and gave to him *both* grace and strength. These, together with the New England virtue of persistent and undemonstrative industry, enabled him to carry out a widely varied Universalist ministry for more than fifty years.

Mr. Emmons died, October 20, at his home in Weymouth, Massachusetts. He had been in ill health for several months but continued to conduct church services and preach almost to the end of his life.

Charles Henry Emmons was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, October 27, 1879. He was educated in the Bridgeport High School, and Tufts College School of Religion from which he was graduated with the degree S.T.B. in 1905. Later, he did graduate work at Harvard. Ordained to the Universalist ministry in June, 1905, he served the following pastorates: All Souls, Portland, Maine, 1905-1910; Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1910-1912; Linesville, Pennsylvania, 1913-1914; Junction City, Kansas, 1914-1916; Riverside, California, 1916-1918; Orange, Massachusetts, 1944-1948; Weymouth, Massachusetts, 1948 until his death.

Mr. Emmons served a variety of important posts in Welfare work between 1918 and 1928. In 1918 and 1919, he served with the Y.M.C.A. in France. Between 1919 and 1928, he served as an officer of the Near East Relief. In this capacity he had charge of the Southwestern United States area for a time and later was regional director for the New England States. In 1928, he was a member of the American Commission to Greece in which capacity he traveled widely throughout the Middle East inspecting American welfare work in that area.

In December, 1928, Charles H. Emmons was elected vice-president of The Universalist Church of America in charge of fiscal service. For the next fourteen years, he traveled all over the United States, visiting individuals, churches and state conventions. Quietly, but effectively and continuously, he strengthened the financial resources of his church. In 1942, Mr. Emmons retired from this work to resume the parish ministry in Orange, Massachusetts.

In 1907, Charles H. Emmons married Sarah Laurie Wilson. Mrs. Emmons, who suffered many years of chronic invalidism, died in 1944. In April, 1945, Mr. Emmons married Florence M. French, who survives him.

Funeral services were held in the First Universalist Church of Weymouth, Massachusetts, Sunday afternoon, October 23. The Rev. Philip R. Giles, director of the Department of the Ministry of The Universalist Church of America, officiated. Honorary Pall Bearers were the Rev. Robert Wolley, South Weymouth Universalist Church; the Rev. Raymond M. Scott, North Weymouth Universalist Church; the Rev. Raymond C. Hopkins of Brockton Universalist Church, representing the Massachusetts State Convention; Dr. Elmer D. Colcord of Somerville; the Rev. Emerson Hugh Lalone, editor *The Universalist Leader;* Dr. Arthur W. Dycer, Weymouth Congregational Church. —E. H. L.

The God In Which I Do Believe

Albert F. Harkins

THE word "God" has grown and developed, shrunk and enlarged greatly through the course of history. But generally it has been associated with the best that one knows. For instance, the Hebrews of Biblical times, and many even today, conceived of God as a king, a king grander than any earthly king, but to be sure, a king nevertheless. He was a heavenly potentate, having the qualities and characteristics, but in a much purer and refined form, of any earthly and eastern potentate. In other words, one's concept of God grows out of one's experience and of what one knows. In the course of history, too, the idea of God has grown more moral and decent, but generally as men and women project such qualities on it. The little youngster in the Sunday School just about hit the nail on the head when she asked: "Why is it that as men get kinder God gets kinder?" Just so. In ancient days God was thought of as jealous, vindictive, arbitrary, capricious, commanding the slaughter of innocent people, as a nemesis to one's enemies, but also as warm, tender, loving, and as a guarantor of victories to those who were loyal to Him. "There were Gods many and Lords many" as the New Testament says. At first God was associated with what was feared and what was taboo. He became a tribal deity. As the sociological situation changed, God became more like the personification of the society, a king, for instance, when monarchies were established. In the course of history God developed from a tribal, partial, limited deity to a universal father and ruler of all mankind as the social scene changed and as other qualities were seen to be of worth and value.

Without carrying this line of thought too much further, some few conclusions can be drawn. One is that man makes God in his own image quite as much if not more than God makes man in His image. A second is that the idea of God takes on the values that are predominant at the time and which are regarded as of highest worth.

For me, the word "God" is a shorthand symbol, if you will, a poetic term that enables me to refer to a whole cluster of ideas without using a great many words. The God in which I do believe symbolizes the totality of reality, the totality of life — life as it is known on this fourth-rate planet, earth, and in this second-rate sun-system, as well as life in and on all other planets and sun-systems. God, for me, is the totality of all this. God is in, with and under the whole of life, but in no sense apart from and independent of the totality of life. Therefore, God for me is thoroughly natural, not at all super-natural or above the natural. I believe in no cosmic dictator who pulls the strings of life and makes man into a puppet.

Let me spell this out more specifically. God is the power in the blade of grass, for example, that penetrates the hard crust of the earth and makes its appearance in early spring. By all logic, rhyme and reason the hard earth should crush the tiny shoots of grass and prevent them from coming to the surface and growing. God is the elan vital, if you will, the creative and unitive and integrative power in the whole of life, man included.

God is the term I give to the values which I hold dear and precious — justice, goodness, love, mercy, sacrifice, truth, peace, beauty, forgiveness, and all the other great ethical values which enrich and ennoble life, making it meaningful, significant and purposeful.

God is the term which I use when I am in a hurry to express the highest hopes, aspirations, longings, yearnings and desires of men projected onto the whole canvas of the universe.

God is the term I use when I can think of no more adequate term and when I am up against mystery far beyond my poor abilities to understand and comprehend. God, for me, stands for the great unknown.

THE WORTH OF TALK

Walter Royal Jones, Jr.

It is commonplace to belittle the value of talk. "Talk is cheap," and "Actions speak louder than words" are familiar phrases. "The tongue is a little member," reads a passage from the epistle of James, "and boasts of great things."

But a verse in Proverbs reads, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue," a thought which should keep any of us from dealing lightly with things that touch the human heart.

Ministers particularly are likely to respect the power to talk, for it is principally by talk that they try to communicate their experience and faith. And it is in talking (and listening) that they try to help others grasp and understand *their* experience and faith.

Talking is the principal distinction between man and other living things. Rightly respected, it is the instrument of clarity of consciousness, and of communication between the otherwise hidden fastnesses of the individual selves.

The story of the Tower of Babel gives a back-hand tribute to the power of language. That Old Testament deity feared the power of united men. He could remain their superior only if the power of talking to each other were taken away.

The ability to talk brings us to the edge of mystery: the need somehow to express and fathom the unutterable. The nineteenth Psalm tells of the "speech" poured forth day by day. "There is no speech, nor are there words; their voice is not heard; yet their voice goes out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

But what nature alone cannot say, man can begin to say. "The order and beauty of the world pay their silent worship. To us thou hast given voice, that our hearts may sing thy praise."

Speech is a sacrament: an instrument for the sacramental emerging of man as a communicating, communing soul. It is essential to his understanding of himself, and his discovery of love. Something of this sacred dimension lies behind Jesus' injunction to "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay." For the abuse of this sacrament holds a legion of evils.

But even with speech, true communication is not always easy. How tell "the truth" to an invalid, or to one betrayed? Young people just beginning to discover love find that their tongues are "all thumbs." They hardly know how to get hold of what they want to say. Often it is difficult to know what the truth is, to speak it. How must the statesman wonder at times whether he bears witness to universal justice, or to the partisan ambitions of his people, or his own!

The United Nations has celebrated its tenth anniversary. The weakest thing in the world, a place to talk! Yet it may also by that very token be the strongest thing in the world. For where men gather to talk, it is possible they may sometimes listen! Can we talk to each other, rather than at each other? Can we use our speech to communicate the real feelings, hopes, anxieties, bewilderment, and courage of the several peoples of the world? There is really no other question before us. If we communicate, we shall survive. If we fail, or if we betray the sacrament of speech, we shall suffer. The bridge across the terrible abyss of Hell is a bridge of talk!

We either make that bridge a broad causeway of genuine communication, or a razor's edge of propaganda: a barrage of words having some other purpose.

MORE UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES

THE key to success in Universalist church extension lies in the enthusiasm and intelligent imagination of local Universalist church members and their ministers. Our fastest growing periods were times when local churches were founding other new Universalist churches. Our fastest growing period in the future will be when more established Universalist churches are organizing more new Universalist churches in our growing cities.

CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

The Church of the Larger Fellowship is maintained to serve Universalists and other liberals who are geographically isolated from a local Universalist Church.

To serve our people, the Church needs their names and addresses. When people move from your church to another community, won't you send us their names and addresses? We will then refer them to a Universalist church in that community, or ask if we may not serve them through The Church of the Larger Fellowship.

PHILIP R. GILES, *Director*

16 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Diabetes Foundation Hospital Teaching Clinic, Boston, Mass.

The above architect's sketch of the Diabetes Hospital Teaching Clinic to be erected in Boston, Massachusetts is of interest to every Universalist woman and to many hundreds of Universalist men. The type of care for adult diabetics to be given here will be a follow up of the kind of treatment given diabetic children in the Clara Barton and Eliot P. Joslin Camps for diabetic girls and boys supported by the Association of Universalist Women. Indeed, the experience in these camps for children helped the medical profession to develop post camp and post hospital routines.

Dr. Joslin said at the cornerstone ceremonies, "The inspiration for this hospital teaching clinic is a boy who developed diabetes thirty-five years ago at the age of fourteen. He is the first diabetic I remember to have seen, (but not the last) who after a quarter of a century of the disease, was sound physically, with perfect eyes and blood vessels." The reasons assigned for this particular conquest over diabetes according to Dr. Joslin were the treatments given that patient as a child and the faithful follow up in adult years. Those treatments have been worked out at the Diabetic camps at North Oxford through many years of work with diabetic children.

THE GOSPEL OF GOD'S SUCCESS!

UNIVERSALISM preaches optimism to man, seeks to make religion as believable as science, as vital as the day's work, as intimate as home, and as inspiring as love, BECAUSE

UNIVERSALISM believes in the goodness of God, not his anger and hate; believes in man's possible growth in Godlikeness, and offers as the goal of all his strivings the restoration of the whole human family to happiness, and holiness at last. BECAUSE of this faith

UNIVERSALISM puts reason above authority; makes the test of religion a living experience, not a dead theology, and offers no magic or "gimmick" for salvation, BECAUSE

UNIVERSALISM refuses to concede that man's inability to save himself is such that only God's grace operating through the rites and sacraments of a church can save him. This stand we take BECAUSE

UNIVERSALISM holds that each must work out his own salvation and atone for his sins, by bringing his whole life into harmony with God's eternal and righteous purposes. And that this road man must walk for himself. BECAUSE these truths seem self-evident

UNIVERSALISM asks its followers to live right and to do good, because it is right to live right and good to do good, and not through fear of future punishment or hope of future reward!

—William Wallace Rose

Reactions Of Our Readers

DISCUSSIONS AT DETROIT

To the Editor

Congratulations on your splendid coverage of the Detroit sessions.

In response to John Schofield's negative comments:

If liberals are in love with liberalism, that's basic enough for me. Other "basic principles," while legitimate enough in our fellowship, are unlikely to be basic for the movement as a whole.

As one of the volunteer discussion leaders, I felt absolutely no pressure in our briefing session, to conduct anything but the most open exchange of all points of view that could possibly be had. I am quite sure that no other goal was planned.

I was not satisfied, however, with the way in which the results of the group discussions were handled later. The first "panel discussion" in particular did much to fortify the suspicion that someone was trying to manipulate the delegates. Quite ignoring its avowed topic, "Man's Confidence In Himself," it plunged into speculations on the probable outcome of the first discussions on the later discussions concerning merger itself. I am sure that many came away with the feeling that their confidence had been violated.

I had some doubts, too, as to the purpose of the "straw vote," and its possible influence on the later official votes. I like to think that Universalists would vote an issue on its merits, and not be too much concerned whether theirs was a majority or minority decision. If the straw-vote information is valuable, I wish there might be a way of presenting it without the overtones of being a "test vote," and a promise of things necessarily to come.

I disagree strongly with Mr. Scofield in his suspicion of the group discussion method, but I believe we still have something to learn about its integration with other methods of expression of opinion, so that its true goal can be attained: the most effective participation in decisions by all groups and individuals concerned.

—Walter Royal Jones, Jr.

Floral Park, N. Y.

QUERY ON MERGER AND CENTRALIZATION

To the Editor:

Ellsworth C. Reamon's article in the current issue of the *Leader* entitled *Outmoded??? State Conventions* said something that needed very badly to be said. I know I felt considerable resentment about Dr. Clinton L. Scott's point of view, particularly in view of the financial condition of The Universalist Church of America Inc. known to entirely too few people until now that "the bottom of the barrel has been reached," to paraphrase Mr. Reamon.

A very substantial part of the funds of the Pennsylvania State Convention consists of restricted trust funds that would require considerable litigation to "liberate" for other purposes, and might even then be lost entirely to the denomination by escheat to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania under its narrowly circumscribed interstate laws.

But quite aside from such considerations, why is centralization necessarily a good thing? And why the indecent haste toward merger with the Unitarians? The original plan was a federal union at certain levels of the two organizations, which is one thing, but a merger is a horse of a very different color. It might well result in widespread defection of Universalists who do not see eye to eye with the "hierarchy."

Let it finally be remembered that good deeds without faith are just as empty as faith without good deeds, and that liberalism alone is a very narrow base for a satisfying religion.

—Frank H. Kreuter

Drexel Hill, Pa.

ASSEMBLY NUMBER

To the Editor:

The October issue gives a fine account of the General Assembly meeting in Detroit. All other issues have been much appreciated.

George G. Dana

Racine, Wisconsin

STARS AND ATOMS

To the Editor:

Dr. Gibbons' article "Revitalizing Universalism!" (September issue) was a "wow"! Good stuff! How we need it — like the kick of a mule! And that short by Ghublikian, "Science and Religion . . ." was really good meat.

Incidentally — speaking of the atom — an' all that, here's a line or two — impromptu:

Here lies what is — yet, what might
have been,
other than this desolate scene:
in conception — a noble plan,
but "executed" by stupid Man —
with knowledge of most mysteries,
but himself: who writes histories!

Thomas Turrell

Dover, N. H.

AN EXTRA ENCLOSURE

To the Editor:

I enclose a money order. Out of this please deduct the amount of a renewal of my subscription for two years; the remainder is my modest contribution to an excellent publication. The August issue of *The Universalist Leader* was especially excellent. My congratulations to you, and my hope for the increase and continuing effectiveness of your good works.

—Henry Hanhisalo

Woodsville, N. H.

SIDEWALK SERMON

The road of life is hard
Going from birth to death
All must travel along it
A few stop to lend a hand
Smooth the way for others
Most rush selfishly along
WHICH ARE YOU?

—Brainard F. Gibbons

Our Library Desk

PREJUDICE AND YOUR CHILD
By Kenneth B. Clark
Beacon Press, Boston, Mass.
Price $2.50

This is a book that gathers available evidence in an effort to determine the causes and nature of prejudice and its effects upon personality and behavior. It brings the reader something of the impact that prejudice against minorities makes upon children of both the dominant and victimized groups. It covers a lot of territory — from the first conscious and tragic awakening of the minority group child to his identity as one of the despised to a weighing of the more subtle and more profund causes and effects within society in general. Data from many studies are sifted to throw light on such matters as the relation of prejudice to personality patterns, authoritarianism, to creative mental and imaginative capacity, to social conformity and the struggle for status. This is both an exciting and an alarming effort. It analyzes the role of the outspoken and belligerent leaders of race hatred and of the complacent many who give them support and power by their acceptance of the deadly contradiction between widespread social practice and the pretensions of our culture. It shows how personality may be disturbed by this cultural conflict.

The effort to determine the effects of prejudice upon growing children is fruitful. One wishes that the evidence was more conclusive, but one will find no fault with the author in this connection for his quiet and careful use of evidence is one of the finest things about this book. The truth is that researches have not yet penetrated very far into the jungle of problems associated with this social sickness. Nevertheless, when one lays down the book he feels the weight of considerable evidence and in addition is most grateful for a healthy and unbigoted attack upon the problem. The book should have an enlightening influence upon us and on our educational programs. It does not preach, scold nor cry shame, but by quietly drawing for us a picture of what we are over against the ideals of our culture, it achieves a persuasiveness that transcends that of the more volatile literature on the subject. Readers should be particularly struck by what is said of the inaction of people who may be outspoken and courageous about other social issues. They should also note with care what the author has to say about children in areas that supposedly have no minority problem.

In the last part of the book there are constructive suggestions on what may be done by churches, social agencies, parents, and schools which should be very helpful to all who work with children. The picture drawn of what churches now do should make any good churchman's face red. What the author says about religious education programs with respect to this issue should be both checked and taken to heart. Is the paper program on the race issue found in a Presbyterian youth-packed rally the best the churches have done? Liberal churches included? I think we could point to projects that represent something more realistic and significant, but the general feebleness of the churches' educational work in this area probably goes a long way toward justifying the unhappy report the author presents. Do liberal churches also rely too much on the erroneous assumption that the fine religious spirit of the gospel they teach will make its own application to the problem of prejudice?

The final chapter of the book answers some very pointed questions on desegregation. An excellent bibliography is included.

A small book. A book easily read. A useful and timely book. A book with a wallop.

—Angus H. MacLean

THUMPS
By Hetty Burlingame Beatty
Houghton-Mifflin Company
Price $2.75

This delightful story for children from four to eight years of age is well-illustrated with action and color in every picture.

Thumps was a non-conformist. Not content to be like his brother and sister pigs, who just stayed in their pen to eat and sleep, he set out for adventure. This he found in a circus tent where, to his surprise, he became a hero.

The story will hold the child's interest to the last page. A good gift for Christmas or birthdays.

—Aurélie Giles

THE CYCLE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
By Robert E. Spiller
Macmillan, 1955
318 pages
Price $4.75

A colleague recently remarked that he was rereading William James' book *The Varieties of Religious Experience* and finding it most rewarding. He would agree, I am sure, as I do, with Robert Spiller's statement: "Although not himself a part of the so-called 'Social Gospel' movement, James did more perhaps than any other American thinker to sanction the secularization of religion and the growth of organized social idealism which found concrete expression in such reforms as the Single Tax movement, fathered by Henry George, and the nationalist movement that developed from Bellamy's social Utopia, *Looking Backward.* The major contribution of James' philosophy lay in its success in calling a moratorium in the clash between traditional religious dogmatism and the new science during a period of rapid intellectual and cultural change."

Professor Spiller's book *The Cycle of American Literature,* a by-product of his more comprehensive work as one of the editors of the monumental *Literary History of the United States,* is best described by the subtitle given it by the author "An essay in historical criticism." As such it is both profitable and interesting reading. The brief excerpt quoted above indicates that this is not mere literary history but presents also the well grounded judgments of a scholar whose sensitivities are ethical and philosophical as well as historical.

—E. H. L.

Association Of Universalist Women

16 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts

A CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST FOR UNIVERSALIST WOMEN

Clara Barton Birthplace Gift Shop

Few visitors to the Birthplace depart without first browsing about in the Gift Shop, located in the ell, and their purchases are an important source of the income necessary to maintain the property. For the campers, who make at least one trip to the shop to buy gifts to take home to their parents, small brother or sister, we like to have articles which can sell for less than a dollar, preferably 25 or 50 cents.

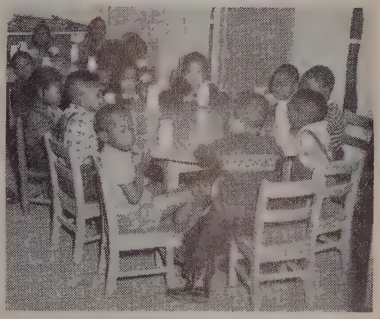
The Clara Barton Camp For Diabetic Girls

Speaking at the Flag Day program in June, 1955, Dr. Priscilla White emphasized the magnitude of the work with diabetic children, there being an estimated one hundred thousand of them in the United States alone. Dr. White then went on to tell of the part the Clara Barton Camp—and since its inception, the Elliott P. Joslin Camp—had played in making possible certain accomplishments in the treatment of diabetes: (1) The camps had made it possible to determine the quantity of food able to maintain growth and development of diabetic children at its onset. (2) The camps had made it possible to evaluate new types of insulin as they were discovered. (3) The summer camps had proved an ideal way to provide the exercise essential in the treatment of diabetes and to do so while the children were having a medical check-up. (4) The camps had proved their long term results for diabetic children by teaching them that control of their disease will prevent serious eye, kidney and blood vessel complications. (5) The camps have aided the research worker in diabetes, the large number of children gathered together in one place for several weeks under expert medical attention and where laboratory facilities are available, making continued efforts to further the treatment of diabetes possible.

Filled Christmas Stocking coin cards make possible this humanitarian program. Fill an extra coin card this year to help defray increased operation costs.

The Elliott P. Joslin Camp For Diabetic Boys

The sixth annual Diabetes Fair was held in Boston, November 15-18, at which time several thousand persons availed themselves of the opportunity to have free diabetes tests and to visit the many displays and exhibits. Among the prominent displays was the one of the Clara Barton and the Elliott P. Joslin Camps at which Robert B. Vail, who arranged the exhibit, was present to answer questions about the camps.



Jordan Neighborhood House

There is no public library in Suffolk, Virginia, so both children and adults will appreciate the library which is being collected at Jordan Neighborhood House. Books for all ages—used or new—are needed.

It takes a lot of soap to keep the hands of some one hundred twenty-five children clean! You can help the situation by sending bars of soap along with your books. Mail to: Mrs. Annie B. Willis, 179 Tynes Street, Suffolk, Virginia.

Ryder Community Center

Thrift Shop articles, used clothing of all kinds, household articles, accessories, are requested for this new venture at the Ryder Community Center. Universalist women from the Chicago area will be in charge of the shop. Used playing cards and pencils are needed for the club rooms. Please notify Mrs. Walter Worthington, 5 Mayfair Avenue, Floral Park, New York, if you send articles to either Jordan Neighborhood House or Ryder Community Center since Mrs. Worthington is chairman of the Gifts-In-Kind program for the Universalist Service Committee. Articles for Ryder Community Center should be mailed to: Mrs. Irene Smith, Ryder Community Center, 4410 So. Laporte Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

LIGHT A RED CANDLE ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN REMEMBRANCE OF CLARA BARTON

News of Churches and Church People

CHURCHMANSHIP THE THEME OF UNIVERSALIST FALL RALLY AT LYNN

Leaders at Fall Rally in Lynn in the First Universalist Church. Seated left to right, the Rev. Gordon B. McKeeman; the Rev. George Spencer, Worcester; Alice Harrison, associate director of Liberal Religious Youth; Harry M. Foxhall, Worcester, who presided; the Rev. Albert F. Ziegler, Providence, R.I. Standing, Melvin C. Van de Workeen; the Rev. Harry M. Sherman, Swampscott; Dr. William Wallace Rose, pastor of the host church; the Rev. Keith C. Munson, Springfield; the Rev. Grant Haskell, Medford.

Universalists had a good time at Lynn October 16. The annual Fall Rally of Massachusetts Universalits, sponsored by the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, was held in our Lynn Church this year. In spite of bad weather, more than two hundred and fifty laymen and ministers took part in the program, which was built around the theme of churchmanship — what sound church planning is doing, and can do, both for our individual churches and for Universalism generally. Discussion of practical procedures in church functions was admirably combined with inspirational fellowship and worship.

The program began with a talk by Grant Haskell, minister of the Medford Church, on *Hymns in the Liberal Tradition;* and after the singing of several representative liberal hymns, reports on the biennial convention of Unitarians and Universalists in Detroit last summer were given by George Spencer and Albert Ziegler. These reports commented on personalities and happenings at the convention, pointing out the chief problems involved in our efforts toward merging the two denominations. Then, following an excellent organ concert by Robert Pettitt, organist of the host church, everyone participated in the conference sessions, which were characterized by an unusually fine exchange of concrete suggestions for growth and development in various areas of churchmanship.

The discussions of churchmanship were led by the following: *Religious Education and the Church,* by Helen Gresty, former religious education director of the Lynn Church and now in a similar post at the Unitarian Church in Salem; *Re-locating a Church,* by the Rev. George Spencer, minister of the First Universalist Church in Worcester; *Remodeling a Church,* by Mrs. John O'Brien, Jr.; *Canvassing for Prospective Universalists,* by Melvin C. Van de Workeen, our field worker; *Administering Church Finances,* by John Hansen, of the U. C. A.; and *Working with Liberal Religious Youth,* by Alice Harrison.

The Worship Service in the evening was led by the Rev. William Wallace Rose, minister of the Lynn Church, assisted by the Rev. Harry Sherman, minister of the Swampscott Church.

Harry M. Foxhall, president of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention, presided at the Rally, and the leading speakers in addition to those who reported on the Detroit convention, were the Rev. Benjamin Hersey, Dean of Crane Theological School, Tufts; the Rev. Keith C. Munson, who is now organizing a new Fellowship Unit in Springfield; and the Rev. Gordon B. McKeeman, of the Palmer Church, who made the principal address. Dean Hersey spoke on the qualities needed for a good minister and made an appeal for support of our seminary at Tufts; Keith Munson reported on progress at Springfield; and Gordon McKeeman spoke on *"Targets" of Universalists.*

McKeeman On Targets

In his address, *Targets for Tomorrow,* the Rev. Gordon B. McKeeman likened the activity of the Massachusetts' Universalists to the marksmanship of an unskilled archer who, aiming all over the landscape, occasionally made a hit in the board fence, whereupon the archer would then proceed to paint his targets around the imbedded arrows. Success, Mr. McKeeman stated, depends more upon the marksmanship of the archer than upon the proper equipment. The archer must have a clear target at which he steadily aims if he is to avoid the pitfall of claiming success by painting targets around spent arrows already in the fence.

The goal of Universalism is not new. The task, as always, is "universal salvation." In the old days this target was given a limited and restricted sense; Universalism was a liberating faith and 'universal salvation' meant the liberation of all souls from eternal punishment. In our day this target has much larger implications; the church is an instrument of 'universal salvation' seeking to liberate all people from the slavery and bondage of crippling emotions, economic strife, and mass social-psychology. Further, Universalism with its ever-visible target of "universal salvation" is a liberating faith with a constructive method. Our religion liberates people not only "from" but "to"—Universalism

liberates persons to the kind of personality we affirm to be possible for every human being. We must liberate the wholesome emotions from the locked-up recesses of the human heart. Whether we call the liberated personality a "Holy man" or a "mature man," the intent is the same; through Universalism, the liberating faith of "universal salvation," all people can come to terms with life in a creative manner.

Mr. McKeeman pointed out that the Universalist Church contained the "know how" in all areas of productive churchmanship. However, the techniques are only the background for the target. They are the trivia, that which is wholly secondary to the task of the church. We are concerned with the building and assisting of human beings. Until we recapture our idea, we will fritter away our lives in the little details. We seem to have lost our sense of mission to save! We act as if our target had been stolen. This is not the case; we have a wider vision of mission. Ours is a 'saving' church! There are possibilities in children and in adults. At every stage of life there is a purpose and a mission; they can give themselves. Until we see ourselves and our targets as human beings that are creative, the church and the religion it professes will not be worthwhile. Until we take direct aim at our target, the 'universal salvation' of the liberating faith, we shall be shooting arrows from our quiver at fences without targets.

HOMECOMING AT OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Dr. Frank D. Adams, minister of the Oak Park, Illinois Universalist Church, 1933-1945, was guest of honor and preacher at the Homecoming Service of the church, Sunday morning, October 16. The Rev. Robert M. Rice, minister of the church, gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to a class of new members.

The Homecoming program began with an open house at the church, Saturday afternoon, October 15. Dr. John Q. Parkhurst, one-time minister of the church, opened the banquet with an Invocation. Mr. George B. Halliwell, chairman of the Board of Directors, presided as toastmaster. The Rev. Robert M. Rice presented greetings to the members, friends and newcomers. Mr. Halliwell was assisted by various members of the parish in presenting *A Brief Look at Our Past and Present.* The Rev. E. T. Buehrer, minister of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, spoke on *Our New Horizons.*

INSTALLATIONS

LYMAN ACHENBACH was installed as minister of the Oaklandon Universalist Church, Oaklandon, Indiana, Wednesday evening, October 26.

The Rev. Jack Mendelsohn, minister of All Souls Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, was the preacher of the Installation Sermon.

The Rev. John S. MacPhee, superintendent of Midwest Universalist Conference, presided and led the congregation in the opening Invocation. Mr. MacPhee also read the Scripture lesson. The Responsive Reading was read by the Rev. Russell W. Lockwood, minister of St. John's Universalist Church, Muncie.

The moderator of the Church, Albert Newhouse, led the Congregation in the Act of Installation. The Prayer of Installation was offered by Dr. Stanley Manning, secretary of the Midwest Fellowship Committee.

Dr. Manning gave the Charge to the Minister. The Charge to the Congregations was given by the Rev. Richard O. Burns, minister of the Galesburg Universalist Church. Everett Harting, chairman of the Oaklandon Civic Association, expressed a Welcome to the Community.

The Rev. Lyman Achenbach pronounced the Benediction. Following the service, there was an informal reception for Mr. and Mrs. Achenbach in the social room.

HERMON GROVE was installed as minister of the Universalist Churches, Derby Line, Vermont, and North Hatley, Quebec, Sunday evening, November 6.

The Installation Sermon was preached by Dr. Fenwick L. Leavitt, minister of the First Universalist Church of Barre.

The Act of Installation was led by Carroll Fenwick, Jr., secretary of the Vermont and Quebec Universalist-Unitarian Convention. The Rev. A. McKinley Rose, minister of the Standstead United Church, Quebec, offered the Installation Prayer.

The Rev. E. Vernon Young, former minister of the North Hatley Church, gave the Charge to the Minister. Mr. Fenwick gave the Charge to the People. A Welcome to the Communities was voiced by Mr. Rose.

The Rev. Hermon Grove pronounced the Benediction.

A reception for Mr. and Mrs. Grove was held in the vestry following the service.

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Write for brochure of colors, styles, etc.

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Reading, Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The 124th annual session of the Pennsylvania Universalist Convention was held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Universalist, Linesville, Pennsylvania, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 7, 8 and 9, 1955. It was a good convention considering the long distances that most of the delegates had to travel.

Religious liberals, including Unitarians and Universalists from Erie, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, attended the various sessions. The Rev. Philip R. Giles, director of the Department of the Ministry, was the speaker at the opening session Friday evening. The ladies of the Linesville church served refreshments.

The Rev. Edwin B. Cunningham, pastor of the North Branch churches in Bradford County, conducted the devotions on Saturday morning. Harry K. Means, a member of the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia, president of the convention, presided at the business session. Delegates and visitors were present from Towanda, Brooklyn, Erie, Philadelphia, Linesville, Girard, Reading, Sheshequin and Athens.

The following officers were elected for another year: President, Harry K. Means, Philadelphia; vice-president, Frank H. Kreuter, Philadelphia; secretary, the Rev. Harmon M. Gehr, Philadelphia; treasurer, Nicholas H. Greene, Philadelphia. Several directors were elected. The Fellowship Committee was elected.

The Rev. Edwin B. Cunningham gave the report of the Fellowship Committee. The report of the treasurer was given and accepted. Secretary Gehr reported for the trustees. The report of the Committee on Resolutions was given by Clifford Jones of Athens, Pennsylvania.

Saturday afternoon a joint meeting of the trustees and the state Association of Universalist Men was held at the home of Thomas Collins, Jr. The Association of Universalist Women met in the church. Following these two meetings, most of the delegates joined in a tour of some of the Pymatuning Lake region, which takes in the western part of Pennsylvania and the eastern area of Ohio.

The majority of delegates and visitors were present Saturday evening at the convention banquet which was held at 6:30 in the grange hall in Linesville. The Rev. Donald K. Evans, D.D., superintendent of the Universalist churches in Ohio and western Pennsylvania, presided in the capacity of toastmaster.

He introduced several officers and trustees of the convention. The Rev. Harmon M. Gehr, pastor of Restoration Church, Philadelphia, rendered several violin solos. The speaker was the Rev. Robert D. Killam, D.D., minister, First Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio. He is the director of the Meadville Conference.

The excellent supper was served by the ladies of the Linesville Grange.

Mr. Henry F. Pommer, acting pastor of the host church, preached the sermon, "The Difficulties of Religion," at the service of worship Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Others who took part were the Rev. E. B. Cunningham, Dr. Evans, Mr. Charles Mann and Mr. Henry W. Felton.

The Rev. Harmon M. Gehr played one selection on the violin. The prelude was played by Mrs. June Bennett. A hymn was sung by the children of the Sunday School. Miss Sally Frobese sang a solo. The Rev. E. B. Cunningham gave the prayer.

—Henry W. Felton

A NEW TRADITION AT HOLLYWOOD

The Universalist Church of Hollywood is a young church, but is enriching church life by establishing helpful and valued traditions.

A new tradition was established at the October meeting of the Board of Directors, when Thanksgiving was set as the time for an annual expression of gratitude to the Universalist Church of America by special observance and the making of an offering to the U. C. A. The Board set as part of the tradition these two points: That the church make a larger contribution each year and that the aim be set at $5.00 per year per member minimum. Directors Robert Turman, David Kirby, Mariette Bloom, R. J. Smith and Curt Vanlaw were unanimous in the enthusiastic decision.

CONNECTICUT MIDYEAR CONFERENCE

One hundred per cent parish representation marked the forty-second annual midyear conference of the Connecticut Universalist Convention, held in the First Universalist Church of Bridgeport, Saturday, October 29.

Following the opening luncheon, delegates were greeted by Wallace A. Parkhurst, president of the Convention, and Wayne D. Bradley of the Bridgeport Church. The Rev. Carl J. Westman, minister of the Bridgeport Church, led the delegates in an inspiring Service of Worship.

The Rev. Philip R. Giles, director of departments of the Ministry and Extension, led a panel discussion and report on *The Detroit Biennial and What It Means to the Local Church*. Other members of the panel were the Rev. Carl J. Westman, the Rev. Wallace G. Fiske, West Hartford, and Mrs. Herman A. Straus, Stamford.

Four group discussions were held during the next hour. Wallace A. Parkhurst led the group discussing Church Administration, *Church Education and Program* was led by Geanne Bowden of Stamford, *Church Extension and Membership* by the Rev. Melvin Van de Workeen and *Church Finance* by John Hansen. Following a coffee recess after the discussions, group leaders reported back to the Conference.

The Conference closed with a dinner meeting at which the speaker was Dr. Clinton L. Scott, superintendent of Massachusetts and Connecticut Churches.

CRACKLING

Little Irene marched into the room breathless.

"Oh mother," she said, "don't scold me for being late for supper, because I've had such an awful disappointment. A horse fell down and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so I waited and waited, and what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was a man."

—*The Watchman-Examiner*

HOW THE GROVES WENT TO DERBY LINE

When the Rev. Herman Grove, formerly Universalist minister of the Brownfield Larger Parish at Brownfield and other communities in Maine, and for some time minister of the Methodist Church on Chebeague Island, Maine, took up work as Universalist minister at Derby Line, Vermont, and North Hatley, Quebec, as of September 25, his return to the Universalist ministry augmented the number of active Universalist ministers by one. Moreover, although the church on Chebeague was community in character, he and Mrs. Grove were "glad to get back in the Universalist work."

This summer, the church on Chebeague celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of the present church building and the one hundred fifty-third anniversary of the first preaching on the island. An informative historical brochure was prepared for the occasion, which naturally enough presented a good deal of material, including reprints of news clippings, about the church and community work of the Groves there in the past two years. One United Press clipping called Mr. Grove a "sky pilot," because, as a "do-it-yourself pastor," he painted the church steeple, and now it can be seen by night from the mainland. Another clipping told about Pokey, their cat, who played host one night to a buck and a doe on the parsonage lawn. This brochure played a chance part in Mr. Grove's being called to be minister at Derby Line and North Hatley. "The call," he explained to his people in his weekly calendar, "could not be ignored, as it presents a real challenge and opportunity. The salary is four thousand four hundred dollars per year with parsonage, private telephone, water, retirement insurance, and some travel expense."

"How did we get the call to Derby Line?" he now asks. It happened this way. "Even though we couldn't sell very many of the one hundredth anniversary booklets on the Island, a friend sent one to the chairman of the Pulpit Committee of the Derby Line church. They asked us to spend several days in the community; then they hired us without a candidate sermon. When we left, the chairman said, 'After we read your anniversary booklet, the job was yours if you wanted it.' Derby Line," Mr. Grove continued, "is just south of the border and we have the only church in the village. Just over the line are Rock Island and Standstead. The Opera House and library are built on the line. North Hatley, Quebec, has a parsonage located on a beautiful lake. They have asked us to spend our vacation (July and August) there. All finances at Derby Line are raised without suppers. How do they do it? *Just reach down in their pockets and raise it.*"

—Sheldon Christian

CHICAGO UNIVERSALIST WOMEN ORGANIZE BRIGHAM FELLOWSHIP

Like every other premature baby, the Brigham Fellowship spent some time in incubation until the right time for its presentation to the full family circle of the Chicago Universalist Church. That time arrived when an enthusiastic Steering Committee met to work out a two-part program. On the Steering Committee are Marjorie Lane, Evaliene Ross, Betty Cole, Dorothy Rappaport, Rosita Diamond, Ella Harrison and Mary Kennelly.

At this writing it is not possible to set down precisely what the program will be except to say that it will be designed for men, women and children and will offer a variety of opportunities for individuals to experiment in artistic creativity. This could lead to our producing anything from a DaVinci to an expert in the fine art of making Pizza Pie. Mrs. Marjorie Lane will be General Chairman of the Brigham Fellowship, specifically responsible for this part of the program.

The second part of the program will be frankly fund raising in character. It takes the form of a permanent gift shop in the Fellowship Hall, carrying numerous needed, desired and low cost items. There are things you have to buy somewhere, such as gift wrappings, cards, Christmas decorations and such, and other items you couldn't buy anywhere else but at the First Universalist Church. Evaliene Ross is chairman of the Gift Shop Committee.

—Betty Cole

DOROTHY SPOERL TO HEAD FERRY BEACH EDUCATION INSTITUTE, 1956

Faculty for Religious Education Weeks at Ferry Beach, July 14 to 28, 1956, is to be headed by Dr. Dorothy Spoerl, professor at the American International College, Springfield, Massachusetts. Dr. Spoerl, a lifelong Universalist, and well known in the Education field, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; educated at Lombard College, Boston University, and Clark University, where she received her Doctor of Philosophy Degree in 1942. Dr. Spoerl has served as director of Religious Education in Universalist and Unitarian churches in Charlestown and Boston, Mass.; Detroit, Michigan; Bath and Orono, Maine, and St. Johnsbury, Vermont. She has also served as Universalist minister in Jeffersonville and Cambridge, Vermont and Springfield, Mass. For the past fourteen years, she has been full professor at the American International College, Springfield, Mass. Dr. Spoerl is especially adept in religious education work with children and an expert in training teachers for work in Church Schools.

Others who have accepted positions on the faculty for this coming summer are the Rev. Emerson Schwenk, who will give a lecture course on *The Old Story of Salvation,* and Mrs. Elizabeth Manwell, author of several Beacon Press books, in charge of grades I, II.

If you desire further information regarding any of the Ferry Beach programs, address your request to the Rev. Eric Alton Ayer, director of Public Relations, 19 Seabee Ave. (Bedford), Manchester, N. H.

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MICHIGAN UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The annual convention session of Michigan Universalists was held at the First Universalist Church, Lansing, Michigan, October 8, 1955.

At the business session, delegates voted to contribute three hundred dollars for a scholarship for a theological student at St. Lawrence University. Contributions were also made to the Universalist Publishing House and to the Midwest Universalist Institute.

In connection with the contribution to the Universalist Leader Sustaining Fund, the following resolution was passed. "Knowing that the Universalist Leader has been operating at a loss, and realizing that only through this splendid public relations medium can we remain informed about Universalists and Universalism, be it therefore resolved that the Michigan State Convention give one hundred dollars to the Sustaining Fund of the Universalist Leader."

At the evening session, the president, Mrs. Russell Costello, acting on behalf of the executive board, presented to the Lansing Church a portrait of the late Morley R. Hartley under whose active leadership the church was rebuilt last year. The gift was accepted by Dr. Richard Smith for the Lansing parish. Mr. Hartley's portrait will be hung in the Morley R. Hartley Memorial Lounge of the church.

The banquet speaker was Dr. Brainard F. Gibbons, general superintendent of The Universalist Church of America. The Rev. Norman L. Sparbel of Concord was the preacher of the Convention Sermon.

The following officers were elected for the year:

President—Mrs. Russell Costello, Pontiac; Vice Pres.—the Rev. Norman L. Sparbel, Concord; Secretary—Mrs. J. G. Patterson, Concord; Treasurer—Louis C. Church, Okemos; Trustee three years—Mrs. Willard Bernstein, Clark Lake; Trustee two years—Tracy M. Pullman, Detroit; Trustee one year—Fred

(*Continued on Page* 313)

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President

PASTORAL CHANGES

Rev. Robert Bath from Dexter, Maine to Norwich, Connecticut.

Rev. William De Wolfe, from Wakefield to Stoughton, Massachusetts.

Rev. Hermon Grove to Derby Line, Vermont.

Rev. Richard Knost from Peoria, Illinois to Malden, Massachusetts.

Rev. Gordon B. McKeeman from Stoughton to Palmer, Massachusetts.

Mr. Peter Lee Scott, student minister, Foxboro, Massachusetts.

Rev. Leon Simonetti from Danbury, Connecticut to Little Falls, N. Y.

Michigan Convention

(*Continued from Page* 312)

Hammond, Horton; Ex-officio—Mrs. Francis Hughes, (pres. A.U.W.); Fellowship Committee—the Rev. Norman L. Sparbel, chairman, the Rev. Elizabeth Etz, Northville, Stafford Francis, Farmington; Preacher Occasional Sermon 1956—the Rev. E. H. Soderberg, Lansing; Place of 1956 Meeting — East Liberty Church, Clark Lane.

OBITUARIES

CARROLL S. DOUGLASS

Carroll S. Douglass, 76, died November 4 at his home on Oak Street in Guilford, Maine.

He was born at Guilford May 17, 1879, the son of Henry and Ellen Ellis Douglass.

Educated in the public schools of Guilford, he graduated from the Guilford High School and Comers Commercial School in Boston, class of 1897. He also attended the University of Maine.

He became associated with the Piscataquis Woolen Company in 1908 as a director and was elected treasurer of the company in 1915, holding that position as long as the company remained in business.

Mr. Douglass was an active member of the First Universalist Church at Guilford. He was a 32nd Degree Mason.

He had been a director of the Guilford Trust Company since 1913 and had served many years as chairman of the local Red Cross drive. He had been a sponsor of the annual Salvation Drive and many other community projects.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Anne French Douglass of Guilford; a son, George H. Douglass of Briar Cliff Manor, N. Y.; a daughter, Mrs. Frederick P. Hill of South Hadley Falls, Mass.; two grandchildren, Ellen Hill of Bangor; Sarah Hill of South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Funeral services were held, November 7, at the First Universalist Church of Guilford with the Rev. John Pierce officiating.

FREDERIC ALLEN MOONEY

The Rev. Frederic A. Mooney died in the New England Baptist Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts, November 10. Mr. Mooney had been in failing health for two years. In spite of poor health, however, he carried on his work as minister of the First Universalist Church of Everett, Massachusetts until recently. He had served the Everett Church for over thirteen years.

Frederic A. Mooney was born in Hopedale, Massachusetts in 1884. He was educated in the High School of Worcester, and Tufts College School of Liberal Arts, from which he was graduated in 1908. His theological education was at St. Lawrence University. He completed work for his Ph.D. at Clark University.

Mr. Mooney was ordained to the Universalist ministry on June 20, 1907. He served in Massachusetts throughout his entire professional life. He was minister of the following parishes: Maplewood, Malden; Framingham; Palmer; Everett.

On August 28, 1920, Frederic A. Mooney married Grace A. MacCue. To them were born two sons, Frederic A., Jr., now city treasurer of Quincy, and Richard T. of Wollaston, an Esso Standard Oil official. Mr. Mooney is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Caroline Bancroft of Arlington, Virginia.

Dr. Robert Cummins, former superintendent of The Universalist Church of America, officiated at the funeral services, Sunday, November 13. The Services were attended not only by Mr. Mooney's former parishioners, but also by a large delegation of his fellow clergymen, Everett city officials and the Rotary Club of which he was a member. Interment was in Pine Grove Cemetery at Warren.

JULIA ROMAINE VAN SCHAICK

Julia Asenath Romaine, widow of the late Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., of Washington, D. C., died at the Hahnemann Hospital, November 3, 1955 in her ninetieth year. She was born in New York City, the daughter of Benjamin F. and Julia Adelaide Tyson Romaine. She and Dr. van Schaick, who was the minister of the Church of Our Father (Universalist), were married July 1, 1909.

During the First World War, she accompanied her husband to Europe and worked there with him in relief work for the Rockefeller Foundation. Later when Dr. van Schaick became Red Cross Commissioner for Belgium, she again served with him and was decorated personally for distinguished service by Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians.

Mrs. van Schaick was active in the Twentieth Century Club, the Audubon Society and particularly in all the activities of the Universalist National Memorial Church where she was head of the Board of Deaconesses. Mrs. van Schaick was educated in the United States, France and Germany. She was a lover of music and was an accomplished pianist. She was known for her generosity in all forms of philanthropy and religion.

Services were held at the Universalist National Memorial Church, 16th and S Sts., N.W., at 2 o'clock, Saturday, November 5, Dr. Seth R. Brooks officiating. Interment was at Cobleskill, New York, where she had her summer home.

UNICEF

United Nations Children's Fund

UNICEF depends upon voluntary contributions from governments and individuals to carry on its work for "All the World's Children." You can help by sending UNICEF Greeting Cards which come in five designs, lithographed in full color. 10 cards, 2 of each of 5 designs, with envelopes (5¾" x 4¾") sell for $1.00 per box. Note card forms also sell for $1.00 per box.

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NOTICES

CENTRAL FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The following actions have been completed as of October 25, 1955:

1. Voted to transfer to Ohio jurisdiction the Rev. Kenneth Murphy, an ordained Congregational clergyman holding reciprocal fellowship.
2. Voted to approve the action of the Pennsylvania Fellowship Committee in granting to Mr. Cecil F. Reeser a letter of license as minister with the right to perform the Christian ordinances.
3. Voted to transfer Rev. William W. Lewis to Massachusetts jurisdiction.
4. Voted to transfer Rev. Mason F. McGinniss to Massachusetts jurisdiction.
5. Voted to accept the transfer of Rev. Paul Henniges from Illinois.
6. Voted to approve the action of the Massachusetts Fellowship Committee in granting to Alan F. Sawyer, Jr. the right to perform the Christian ordinances as licentiate.

—ESTHER A. RICHARDSON,
Secretary

UNIVERSALIST WOMAN'S ALLIANCE

The Universalist Woman's Alliance will meet at Bethany Union on Friday, December 16, 1955, at eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Robert Voight will give an illustrated talk, *Christmas Around the World.*

Luncheon seventy-five cents. For reservations, call Mrs. Dumas, CO 6-0240.

—MARION PIKE,
Secretary.

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Accepted the Letter of Transfer of the Rev. Herman Grove from the Universalist Church of Maine. He is now registered as in Fellowship with the Vermont and Quebec Universalist Unitarian Convention and is serving the Derby Line Universalist Church, and the North Hatley, Quebec Universalist Church.

—CARROLL FENWICK, JR.,
Secretary

October 24, 1955

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(Section 520, P. L. & R.)

DOOLITTLE HOME ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Doolittle Universalist Home for Aged Persons, Inc. will be held at the Doolittle Universalist Home for Aged Persons, corner of Bird and Baker streets, Foxboro, Massachusetts on Wednesday afternoon, January 25, 1956, at two o'clock.

—LOUISE P. INMAN, *Clerk*

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN UNIVERSALIST ALLIANCE MEETS

The first fall meeting of the New York Metropolitan Alliance was held at All Souls Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 28.

The speaker was Roland Gammon, director of the Division of Public Relations of the Council of Liberal Churches. His topic, *Making Friends and Influencing People through Public Relations.* He told in a most interesting way some of the things that are being done to make our liberal churches and what they stand for better known. Radio, television, magazines and newspaper publicity, special church services, panel discussion are among these. A fifteen-minute movie for public showing is to be made. Watch and listen for some of this.

The religious news editor, Mrs. Mervin C. Helfrich, gave a varied, amusing and informative report on religious news items. There were brief reports from the four Universalist churches represented.

The next meeting of the Alliance will be in January when a joint meeting with the Unitarian groups in the New York area will be held at the Community Church.

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